RHODA ROLAND.

A Woman from the West in Washington.

The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

CHAPTER XII.

A GREATER MONUMENT.

The few moments' conversation with Mr. Baxter, detailed in the last chapter, presented little opportunity for the study of that individual. He was of the wiry, nervous type, and would never take first prize at a beauty show. I didn't know exactly whether to like him or not. His "reputation," so much as I knew of it, was to his credit. He said he was a "regular" at the G street dining-room. Sunday afternoon, at 6, I walked into that establishment. There sat Mr. Stivers, at a table well down the room; opposite him sat a lady, her back toward me; a little boy occupied the end seat. So that was his wife, and he had kept his promise. I wished that she would turn around so I might see what she looked like. I finally caught his eye. My position, I realized, was not an enviable one. I experienced great relief when Mr. Baxter walked in. I nodded toward the vacant seat in front of me, and directed his gaze further down the room.

"So," he said, as he seated himself, "your friend has found a new sweetheart. Aren't you jealous?"

"No; it's his wife. I told him to do it,'" I returned. "He tried to get me a position, which effort I appreciate. If I can bring him and his wife together it is possible they will enjoy each other's company and thank me for so doing."

The lad climbed down from the table and started out in advance of his parents. As he passed our table I smiled at the little fellow.

"Madame Vine!" said Mr. Baxter.

"No; I am not playing East Lynne this season," and then I started violently, the reason therefor being found in the fact that I discovered, as she came toward us, that the lady with Mr. Stivers was none other than my companion at the Columbia matinee the week before. The initials of the note—O. S., Orrin Stivers, too. Mr. Baxter called Mr. Stivers Orrin, as he passed.

"Some mystery between you people I can not fathom," said Mr. Baxter; "but then, it's none of my business."

"No mystery whatever. You wonder that I should insist on a man's associating with his own wife! With whom should he associate? Mr. Stivers wonders why I wanted to get acquainted with you. According to Olga, you extend the helping hand to all with whom you come in contact—that is, if you take kindly to them. After we become better acquainted, maybe you will take kindly to me. Nothing mysterious about either of those propositions."

"What would you have me do?"

"Merely enlighten me; give me the benefit of your knowledge on the workings of the Departments."

"That won't consume much time. Let's see. I hate to fix any particular date. The first evening we are at leisure we will take a street car ride—pick out the route in the meantime—and I will try and furnish the information."

"Do you ride a wheel? I'm learning. We might"——

"A bicycle ride with a beginner, I fancy, would be far from enjoyable. Besides, one can't talk on a bike. Better make it the street car, and the next time we meet I am yours to command."

I had trundled my wheel from Mrs. Grant's to the dining-room, and, waiting until dusk, ventured upon Pennsylvania avenue for the first time. It being Sunday, that thoroughfare was not crowded, and I made the journey from the Peace Monument to the Treasury without accident. Between Seventh and Twelfth streets, I counted no less than eight religious meetings—three indoor and five outdoor—in progress. Surely this can not be a wicked city.

Practice makes perfect, so up and down the Avenue I "scorched," they call it, until a late hour. Ida and I climbed the steps at the house together.

"Alma is standing on her head," said Olga, as we entered.

"Is anybody selling tickets at the door?" laughed Ida. "I fancy the sight's worth the juice."

"I mean figuratively," reiterated Olga.

"Either literally or figuratively, such a contribution to the art world would be accepted. The lower portion of the Venus de Milo was draped, you know. It's a big show, too. Alma is so fat she always takes the shady side of the street."

"Don't josh. This is serious. Some one has given out the password."

"The devil! Who could it have been?"

"That's just what she can't find out. She's sending notices to-night for all to be present to-morrow evening and get a new one."

As Philander Doesticks would say, "Imagine my phelinks."

I busied myself putting my Sunday clothes in the closets, the girls meanwhile chatting away.

Yes," said Olga, "I was over to tell her good-bye. The poor girl is nearly knocked out; she had her heart so set on this thing. You see, about half-past 5 a gentleman rang the bell. He gave the password all right, but the last name, when he stopped—thought a moment, and said, 'Annie.' Now, there's no Annie in the Group of Six, but Alma thought he meant Anita and invited him in. She knew, though, Anita had been sick in bed ever since the night we organized. Alma asked him to describe his friend 'Annie,' but he could not do it. Then she thought the best thing she could do was to hold him until after supper, when she expected some of the girls in, and see if they could identify him. She plunged in, talking on every imaginable subject. After awhile her caterer came with her dinner, and he insisted on taking his departure. 'Oh, no; not just yet!' she pleaded; and, turning to the negro boy, said, 'John, that's a pretty nice looking chicken dinner. Don't you think you could bring another just like it for a boy? Try, anyway; and there's a tip at this end of the line when you get back.' She made the stranger take dinner with her. Finally she asked him where he got the password. He wouldn't say, but said he was both glad and sorry he came—glad, to meet so charming a hostess, and sorry, because it was really none of his business; he felt that he was an intruder. He was nice about it, she said. He assured her it would go no further, and at his suggestion she changes the password."

This is where Mr. Stivers prevents me from giving it to anybody else, I thought; and said aloud, "I must be going to bed, girls. You will not want me to hear what you are talking about, anyway."

"Please don't! Wait a minute. Alma had another adventure and she wants you to help her out."

"Wants me?"

"Yes; I was telling her you knew everything."

"Thank you."

"You see, there's an old professor from the Columbia or Georgetown University comes down to see her. Alma can run the gamut on modern topics, but the professor finally asked her what she thought of Henry VIII.'"

"Bluff King Hal?"

"I don't know. Alma knew little or nothing of that individual's history. She raised her hand in an endeavor to hide the fact she was laughing, and said, 'Oh, that tooth's started aching again,' and she rocked back and forth, saying, 'Umph! Umph!' at the conclusion of each sentence. As must be expected, the professor speedily took his leave, promising to call again, at which time, he trusted, there would be an improvement in the molar."

"Well, what am I to do?"

"She wants you to send over by Ida a short sketch of King Henry VIII. This she will memorize, and when the professor comes again she will be ready for him."

"I'll do it to-morrow afternoon; or in the evening, better, I guess. I'll have to ride over to the Congressional Library to refresh my memory."

Monday morning I rode the wheel to the office. Methinks I've reached the expert stage as a cyclist. Mr. Whitney I found to be very methodical. He numbers all his letters and the memoranda of the answers thereto.

"When you get your busy done," said he, as he brought over the correspondence, "you can go to the ball game."

This, I learned, was his way of saying I could have the remainder of the day, after the letters were finished. I was really glad of it. For some time I had been desirous of sending a letter to the Gazette, back in the home town, and here was the opportunity. I wanted to give the veteran editor and his readers my impression of Washington. I suppose every newcomer has the same fever. I wanted to tell them I had walked the self-same Avenue—that historic ground—where Clay, and Calhoun, and Crittendon had trod. More than that, I wanted to tell them of a wonderful monument I had discovered at the national capital, one that will live after pedestal of marble and statue of bronze shall have crumbled in the dust. So, after finishing Mr. Whitney's letters, I took my seat at the typewriter.

"Let's see; I'll tell them about my trip to Arlington. I'll begin and end it with a verse. That's the popular way.

With life's fitful fever ended, there the
bones of heroes rest;
They have served their country nobly;
they have stood each trying test.
Carved their virtues on a tablet, pointing upward to the sky;
Graved on hearts of coming nations,
their good deeds can never die.

To the Nation's Hall of Fame, designed by L'Enfant, after the ancient Greek Pantheon, the several Commonwealths are invited to contribute effigies of two of their famous sons. The Old Colony presents Samuel Adams and John Winthrop; the Green Mountain State brings Jacob Collomer and Ethan Allen; the sister with La Belle River flowing westward to the sea, gives William Allen and James A. Garfield; faraway Oregon sends her noted explorer, E. D. Baker; Missouri lovingly tenders Thomas Benton and F. P. Blair; from Michigan comes Lewis and Cass; the Empire State finds fitting representatives in George Clinton and Alexander Hamilton; Little Rhody gives Nathaniel Green and Roger Williams; the Mother of Presidents contributes Thomas Jefferson, while her daughter to the westward sends J. M. Kenna; New Jersey presents Phil Kearny and Richard Stockton; Maine, from the east, brings William King; Wisconsin, from the west, here Marquette; Illinois tenders James ...fields, and no less than three other States could fittingly do the same; the Land of the Nutmeg gives Roger Sherman and Jonathan Trumbull, and the Granite State brings John Stark and Daniel Webster. Yet the national capital has a monument greater than all of these.

The War of the Revolution made the American Republic an enduring fact in history, and at the same time added another noble name to the roll call of the great captains.

"The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make man blush, there was but one."

Fitting, then, that his splendid strength, his proud patience, his sweet austerity, hardly rivalled in the history of humanity, should be symbolized by a simple marble shaft, Heaven pointing. Yet located at the national capital is a greater monument even than this.

In parks, circles and reservations are placed statues to individuals crowned with the laurel wreath, whether the victories were those of peace or war. Notable among these are Albert Pike, Benjamin Franklin, Marquis de Lafayette, Admiral Dupont, General Hancock, General Tecumseh Sherman, General Rawlins, and scores of others. Yet the national capital has a monument greater than all of these.

It is the monument that Fame builded to the memory of Theodore O'Hara, the soldier lad, from the dark and bloody ground of old Kentucky, when Congressional enactment ordered placed upon the tablets at historic Arlington his immortal poem:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

And wherever, throughout Uncle Sam's dominions, sleep the gallant few for whom the muffled drums sad roll has beat the soldiers' last tattoo, is seen the same sentiment. The God's acre of Mother England and the continental cities of the dead use the same lines, for the simple reason that a search of the annals of literature fails to reveal their equal.

The boy sleeps on a bluff on the far
Kentucky shore
By the side of Daniel Boone and the
heroes gone before.
'Neath the flowers of his birthland his
bones now smouldering lie;
But his fame lives on forever—it can
never, never die.

Finishing my letter, in a moment, I was en route, via bike, to the Congressional Library, where a brief period sufficed for my securing the desired data regarding the English monarch, for Alma. I gave her, among other things, that plain truth from Dickens', who characterizes him "as an intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England."

Down town again, I experienced an adventure of adventures. I was pedaling leisurely up Pennsylvania avenue when, lo, and behold, there was Watson Watson crossing the thoroughfare at Eighth, accompanied by two half-grown negroes.

Be it known, just west of Eighth, Tenth and Thirteenth streets, at the crossing of C, D and E, pedestrians find a cut-off on the Avenue. Not a policeman in sight, save the one at the Ninth street crossing, and I surmised he could not leave his post. I rode close to the curb at Ninth to make sure it was he. I hailed him, following on my wheel.

"Watson, if you don't go and get my guitar case I'll turn you over to an officer."

He said something about no cop could take him without a warrant, and started to run.

His companions, however, were disposed to add insult to injury, one of them sneering, "Watson, who's your friend?"

I naturally did not care to be seen in altercation with negroes on a public thoroughfare, so endeavored to turn around and continue my search for an officer, when my wheel wobbled, and the other one sang out: "That old girl better keep off the Avenue till she learns how to ride!"

My blood boiled. The law, I knew, was jealous of the individual making the arrest. It was brutal and unladylike, too, I reasoned, to attack those boys, but, thinks I, the cause will justify the act. Not seeing a policeman, I turned up Ninth, determined to run W. W. down the next time he crossed the Avenue, which would be near the Franklin statue. Then, when a crowd collected, I would make a charge of theft against one and that of insulting a lady against the other two. Going through D street, at Tenth and the Avenue, I saw them proceeding leisurely up the Avenue, Watson on the inside. I turned east into D, to acquire sufficient momentum. Then, coming west, I put all possible power into the pedals. Just as he passed the statue I struck him on the thigh, and, following Dennie's instructions to the letter, was on my feet uninjured by the time he struck the asphalt. I grabbed him by the collar. He was powerless to escape. His companions, however, disappeared. A crowd gathered rapidly, cyclists arriving every second, it seemed to me. Pedestrians and wheelmen took opposite sides, the latter saying I was blameless and the former holding me responsible. The disputants were forming for a free fight when two policemen arrived. They picked up Watson Watson, and one of them, turning to me, said, "You'll have to go to No. 1; it's just across the street."

"We'll take care of her," said one of the riders.

"You go ahead!' said another.

That policeman was in danger if he had put a hand on me.

"You are all right, sister," said another.

I had read that chivalry was dead. I guess the author of that paragraph was wrong. One of the young men took my wheel to straighten the handle-bars, and they formed a hollow square, with yours truly in the center. At the station-house, a half-dozen of them, despite the protests of the officers, insisted on coming in "to see me through," they said. Watson was placed on a chair, and after vigorous fanning with the hat of one of the policemen, began to pull himself together.

"Where did the accident take place?" inquired the official behind the desk.

"It was not an accident. I did it intentionally," said I, stepping to the front of the group.

He nearly fell off his high stool.

"Not an accident! How's that?"

"Those boys insulted me; besides, a few weeks ago—one Saturday—the stealing of some underclothes by a Watson Watson was reported to one of ...e stations—New Jersey avenue, I believe, is the name of it. There's Watson Watson, and there's the 'phone. You ask them about it, and if it isn't as I say you can lock me up pending further investigation."

"Good for you, girl," said one of the enthusiastics in the background.

"You boys must keep quiet or I'll have you all put out," said the officer. "I think I remember the case on account of the peculiarity of the name, from some Home, wasn't it? Have a seat, Miss," and a policeman cleared sufficient space wherein to place a wooden chair.

Watson Watson was able by this time to walk up to the desk and have his name and residence taken, the gentleman in charge in the meantime finding an entry in his book substantially as I had stated it.

"We'll hold the boy," he said, "and detail an officer on the case to whom I will issue a search warrant. In the meantime, we will not trouble you further for the time being than to give us your name and address. The address here is the Children's Home, on C street."

"My little girl is over there," I said, and two or three of the young men most assiduous in their attentions, looked sheepish. I gave him both the office and house address. "Every piece is marked R. R., and it's marked in the fold. You can't see it unless you hold the garments up between you and the light. You might make a note of this for the officer."

He did so, and the boys made way for me as I, after collectively thanking them, secured my wheel and passed out.

(To be continued.)

PAMPERED UP

Is This Naval Lieutenant Who Insults a Citizen.

APPLYING FOR REENLISTMENT.

"You Look as if You Didn't Have a Square Meal for Six Weeks," Says Lieutenant Cottman Bureau of Navigation, to ex-Sailor Paulson Halvor, Who Wanted to be Ship Keeper of the Fern.

Lieutenant Commander Cottman, of the Bureau of Navigation, is certainly an officer, and, no doubt, a gentleman, inasmuch as the public paid for his education at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and are now paying him the salary provided for his rank in the Navy, but Lieut. Com. Cottman ought to remember that all citizens of the United States were not as fortunate as himself in having a paternal Government to raise, educate and commission him. We are moved to these remarks by the case of a young Norwegian named Paulson Halvor, who applied to him recently for enlistment as ship caretaker on the Fern. Halvor, it appears, first enlisted September 11, 1891, and served three years as a mariner. He subsequently reenlisted October 15, 1894, for three years, of which he served two years and ten months, when, by a fall from his hammock, he became incapacitated for further duty in the Navy. His discharges show proficiency; in rating, very good; seamanship, very good; gunnery, very good; sobriety, excellent; obedience, very good to excellent; average during term of enlistment, very good.

Owing to the injury referred to, Halvor endeavored to secure the position of ship caretaker, which is equivalent to watchman, there being no manual labor attached thereto, or other seamenship duties, which would require the services of an able-bodied man. Halvor thought that his country, which he served so loyally and so faithfully, owed him this position. The officers of the Fern informed Halvor very kindly that they would be pleased to have him. Both Captain Haines and Lieutenant Hopkins, of the Fern, informed Halvor that if he enlisted he would receive the appointment. With this intention, he called at the Navy Department to see Admiral Crowninshield, but the admiral being absent at the time, he was received by Lieut. Com. Cottman. Making known his business to the lieutenant commander, that officer superciliously eyed him, and uttered in contemptuous tones, "You look as if you hadn't had a square meal for six weeks," to which Mr. Halvor replied, "Not quite as bad as that, lieutenant."

It should be remembered that Mr. Halvor was neatly dressed; wore a watch and chain, and looked as respectable as any average American citizen. At the time that the lieutenant made this remark, he did not know that Halvor was physically incapacitated by reason of his fall from the hammock for duty as an able seaman, but he responded, "It looks as if you had to lift a barrel of flour you would drop dead the next moment; I will not enlist you."

Mr. Halvor retired, and subsequently saw Admiral Crowninshield, who referred him back to Lieut. Com. Cottman. The lieutenant again informed Halvor that he would not enlist him, and, having ascertained that he had been subjected to a medical examination at the Navy Yard, he secured the same, and showing it to Admiral Crowninshield, had that official to confirm his decision in the rejection of Halvor. Now, Halvor was not applying for a position as able seaman. Because of the wounds he received in the service of his country, he knew he was incapable of performing the duties of such a position, but, knowing of the position on the Fern, and being fully able to do that job, he thought that his services entitled him to the same. Lieut. Com. Cottman gave him a rude awakening, and this young sailor, with almost six years' service, and who was maimed on board the ship by falling from his hammock, injuring his eyesight on account of a blood vessel bursting in his head, on which he fell, can neither enlist in the Navy nor secure a pension for the injury he received in the line of his duty. The Pension Department has twice rejected his claim on the grounds that he had epilepsy previous to his enlistment in the Navy. This charge is absurd on its face, and is without foundation and fact, as evidenced by the fact that Halvor not only served his first enlistment, but reenlisted each time, passing a medical examination, and never had any of the symptoms of epilepsy on board any vessel on which he served, unless the fall from his hammock could cause such an attack, because he was two or three days insensible after the fall, and for a time under medical treatment for his eyes and wound in the head. The surgeon who charges epilepsy has had his charge refuted by those who knew Halvor from his birth in his native country, as well as by all the officers and physicians of the ships in which he served.

The unfortunate man is still under 35 years of age; is to be sympathized with, inasmuch as he can neither follow his profession as a seaman or secure a pension for his injuries. These should be sufficient infliction of themselves without the additional humiliation of being subjected to gratuitous insult and sneering remarks by Lieut. Com. Cottman or any other officer of the Navy, in which Halvor served so faithfully and so well.